Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
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*** Small notes of Solvent Banks, excepting Banks of Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana, received in payment for subscriptions, &c. be well.

☞ Unpaid Letters not taken from the Post-Office.

From the Casket.

The following feelings and reflections, excited by an uncommonly beautiful summer evening, are with diffidence committed to the candid perusal of others. The author would never have presumed to offer it for publication, but several of his friends, who are of sober, thinking minds, and lovers of the quiet, simple scenes of nature, think there are many of your numerous subscribers, and like minds will be pleased who will read it with interest.

SUMMER EVENING.

Be it my theme to sing mild evening's scene,
The soft'ning beauties of a summers' day,
When tempid clouds in shadow screen the green,
And broken clouds imbibe the solar ray;
O! could my feeble muse the scene portray,
Catch the varied tints that mark the western sky,
Impress each glowing colour ere decay,
Snatch all her radiance from the gazing eye,
And in one undistinguished shade, enwrap the skies.

From western skies the horizontal sun,
Throws o'er the hills its last bright blaze of light;
The forest's mute around, and one by one,
The songs that charm'd the dull shades of night;
While scattered clouds, till now, a snowy white,
Catch the warm tints of Sol's retracted ray,
Where crimson, purple, and gold combine in whose
Wi gaze, astonished at the grand display
Of mingled light and shade, which mock the boldest lay.

See lo! south-west, yon glittering pile of clouds,
Like silver mountains rear'd in realms on high,
Whose humid bosom deep and dark, enshrouds
Soft evening lightnings to illume the sky;
Now cold their glory, now their splendor—that eye
Which loves to watch in twilight's deep'ning gloom,
The ragged clouds and dark recesses spy,
Each screature gleam the various folds illume,
While all their abrupt points rich diff'rent tints assume.

Presding Gemi, o'er this quiet hour,
Of gentle joy fout-atepe to sooue calm retreat,
Where'er in nature's wide domain they bower,
And formed with nicest care, the mossy seat—
Near to a running stream, whose murmurings sweet,
Just touch the ear with intermitting sound,
Where social birds can chant their artless lay,
There let me sit in musing thought profound,
And mark the solemn state of night, slow closing round.

Or, unencumbered with oppressive thought,
Turn loose the heart to feel its lonely way:
Its warmest wishes often centre here,
When general native feelings bear the sway—
Unfetter'd from all the narrow cares of life,
The heart luxuriates in the quiet eve,
For mankind's scenes of joy and sorrow, convey
More perfect bliss than costly joys can give,
Or the loud laugh of those who in wild riot live.

Hail pe the fancy! thy creative art
To cheer her muse in the passing breeze!
Melodious strains float on the evening air,
Which wake the soul to slow, yet harmonious ease
The lengthened cadence dies among the trees—
Then in a lower, and softer key, resumes
The distant strain, with simpler power to please,
Till lost all on the ear it faintly comes!
Ascendance o'er the heart, dispelling all its glooms.

No village murmurs reach my lonely seat,
No "gabbling geese" nor tortured ears assail,
No spectral form seeks this lone retreat,
Yet active life and joyous sounds prevail;
For here the voice of nature loves to dwell—
The mild, the soft impressive evening hour,
The cow's low low'r and sound awake to swell
Mellowed by distance, to my silvan bower,
While thousand nameless notes, soft mingling round
Hark! the dull screech-owl sings his drowsy note,
And bats, scarce seen, in giddy circles fly,
All objects seem, save yonder sky,
Whose kindling hues rs catch the gazing eye—
Those mild and softer tints of heavenly dye!
The sober mind to sombre thoughts excite,
While melancholy's lovers find delight,
Wrapt in the awful deep'ning gloom of night,
For here is nought to call the mind or silver light.

Lo! contemplation spread her eagle wings,
And rise her strength through yonder blue profound,
Trace the just order of created things,
Mount upward moving through the mighty round
Of endless space to great creations bound;
Here shall the mind find peace the awful task,
Converse thy arduous labours amply crowned,
Yes, inner nature, and the central ray, thou,
And thou wilt find thyself all on the central link.

There's no proportions in infinity,
A finite principal can never rear,
Then let me with humble contemplative eye
To the great author of his world look plain;
But seeking ere the lofty theme's begun,
My feeble muse almighty makes an end,
And passing, in the impotence of man,
Whose mind in wise humility may bend,
But all her loaded powers can never comprehend.

A. D.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE GREAT WEST.

As it was sixty years past; or on the eve of the American Revolutionary War.

Bred on the frontier, and an eye witness to the advance of White, and destruction of Indian population, and in the decline of life, when the fate of another nation is in whose fate or fame my feelings were ever enlisted, are gone to their rest,—I hope I may speak freely. In my youth, long before the most distant idea was conceived of writing on the subject, it had struck me forcibly, that one material error prevailed, as regarded the Indian population of the Ohio valley, and that was, that their numbers were most enormously exaggerated. "What has become of the Indians?" is a question frequently asked, and the answer to it must be complied with, by the plain answer "*to the amount usually supposed, or any near approach to it can be made, the Indians never had an existence.*"

"This is a bold assertion," say many, and unsupported by evidence it would really be, not only a bold, but rash assertion. Let us examine the evidence.

The European settlements commenced necessarily on or near the sea coast. The first was that of Jamestown, in 1607; at a subsequent epoch and 1630, the English had colonised, lower Virginia, and the settlements of the states of Massachusetts, Rhode-Island and Connecticut; the Dutch had planted a colony on the Hudson; the Swedes by the south bay, Delaware, and the French were scattered along the St. Lawrence. Fifty years after, the French planted a small and feeble colony on the Mississippi river, now Louisiana. And again, at the end of another half century, the Ohio was the boundary of the immense interior regions, drained by the confluence of the mighty Mississippi! Thus answers the author of the work before us:

"As settlements extended from the sea shore, the Massachusetts, the Delaware, and the Hudson, the white population reached the blue ridge of mountains, the valley between it and the Alleghany, a territory unsurpassed either in whose fatile or fame my feelings were ever enlisted, are gone to their rest,—I hope I may speak freely. In my youth, long before the most distant idea was conceived of writing on the subject, it had struck me forcibly, that one material error prevailed, as regarded the Indian population of the Ohio valley, and that was, that their numbers were most enormously exaggerated. "What has become of the Indians?" is a question frequently asked, and the answer to it must be complied with, by the plain answer "*to the amount usually supposed, or any near approach to it can be made, the Indians never had an existence.*"

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BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNENS OF NASSAU.

One of the most entertaining books of the day is now in the course of publication in Waldie's popular Select Circulating Library. It is entitled "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau," and describes the scenery, manners and customs of the fashionable society at the Watering places of Germany, with a description of the country, the celebrated Seltzer Springs of Nassau, &c. It is said in the title, to be by "an old man," who is thus represented blowing his bubbles:

Major Head, the celebrated traveller, is said to be the author; the following account of the Schwein-General, or pig keeper, of one of the villages, is surely an amusing sketch:—

THE SCHWEIN-GENERAL.

Every morning at half-past five o'clock, I hear as I am dressing, the sudden blast of an immense long wooden horn, from which always proceed the same four notes. I have got quite accustomed to this wild reveille, and the vibration has scarcely subsided, it is still ringing among the distant hills, when, leisurely proceeding from almost every door in the street, behold a pig! Some from their jaded, care-worn, draggled appear- [illegible]

[illegible]

... domum; and it is really curious to stand still and watch how very quickly they canter by, greedily grunting and snuffling, as if they could smell with their stomachs, as well as their noses, the savoury food which was awaiting them.

At half-past four, the same four notes of the same horn are heard again; the pigs once more assemble—once more tumble over the hot stones on the mountain—once more remain there for four hours—and in the evening once again return to their styes.

Such is the life of the pigs, not only of Langen-Schwalbach, but of those of every village throughout a great part of Germany: every day of their existence, summer and winter, is spent in the manner I have described. The squad consists here of about a hundred and fifty, and for each pig the poor old Schwein-general receives forty kreutzers, (about 13d.) for six months' drilling of each recruit. This income, therefore, is about 20l. a year, out of which he is to pay for board, lodging and clothing, of his two aide-de-camps; and when one considers how unremittingly this poor fellow-creature has to contend with the gross appetites, sulkey tempers, and pigheaded dispositions of the swinish multitude, surely not even the most niggardly reformer, would wish to curtail his emoluments.

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, July 12

DIVIDENDS FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

Bank of the United States,	3½ per cent.
" North America,	3 "
Trenton Bank,	$1 [illegible] per share.
Cumberland (N. J.) Bank,	3 per cent.
Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co.	3 "
Marine Insurance,	5 "
Atlantic Insurance,	6 "
Union do.	$[illegible] per share.
[illegible] Insurance,	
Schuylkill Permanent Bridge,	4 per cent.
American Insurance,	5 "

The following is from the New York Daily Advertiser of Friday.

Bank Frauds.—A couple of tricks were played off upon two of our city Banks a short time since, of a character somewhat similar to those practised to a large extent about a year since. Accounts were opened at the North River and Seventh Ward Banks, in the [illegible]

[illegible]

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

[illegible]

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

[illegible]

FOREIGN ITEMS.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS.

[illegible]

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Reed, publisher of the Reporter, Consistent Defender, and Prompt Collector.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 11, 1834.

ASHMUN'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, July 12, 1834.

Publication Office, No. 36 Carter's Alley, opposite the Girard Bank.

ERRATA.—In the tale of "*Love and Prudence*," published in the Saturday Evening Post of May 31st, our readers will please read for *chief magistrate*, *chief magnate*; and in place of the initials *E. C. S.* inserted by mistake, it should be *E. N. J.*, Washington county, Va.

It appears that the superior entertainment received by a traveller at a hotel in Baltimore, as detailed in his letter some weeks since in the Saturday Evening Post, (taken perhaps from the Mauch Chunk Courier,) should have been credited to *Mr. Charles H. Williams*, of the *Anchor Hotel*, and not to the other public host as set down. The Mauch Chunk Courier contained a week or two since, a hail column statement, extracted from the Baltimore Gazette and Daily copy. Not wishing to occupy so large a space for a matter of little interest to the great body of our readers, we declined its insertion. We are now thrown out, if we do not make the *amende honorable* in this day's paper, we shall lose "at least one subscriber at Bethlehem." *O tempora! O mores!* To escape that cruel destiny, we submit—but we cannot find the "Courier," nor the article inserted in the Post, we trust the present paragraph will suffice.

FOURTH OF JULY.

This ever memorable day was celebrated throughout the nation, with the usual manifestations of joy and gayety. Our city was not behind in the variegated circles of all descriptions were called into requisition, and all who could avail themselves of the opportunity, stared for the country to enjoy the pure air, and revel in the delights of nature. Steamboats, wagons, omnibuses, horses, carriages, gigs, Jersey wagons, and every thing that could carry and convey, was eagerly demanded and amply paid for. But few accidents occurred, to mar the general joy, and nearly all have returned to the ordinary duties and business of life, with good health and fine spirits. The day, indeed, should always be a source of pleasure to every American statesman—it is a day dear to every American citizen—it is his birth-day of liberty, and long may its return be hailed with joy and gladness.

There were several dreadful accidents in New York, on the 4th inst. arising principally from the use of fire arms. The son of Bishop Onderdonk, had his right fingers blown off by the bursting of a pistol he was discharging.—A man in Pearl street had his hand badly burnt, by the explosion of a rocket he was putting off. The roofs of several houses were set on fire by rockets, but soon extinguished. A cracker was thrown into a store in Pearl street, which broke the glass case and set the goods inside on fire. The cracker was thrown into the window of a lodging room in Pearl street, and set the bed on fire. A little girl had her clothes set on fire by a cracker in the Park, and would have been dreadfully burnt, but for her cries brought relief, when the flames were extinguish d. Several ladies had their dresses set on fire and badly burnt, and a child was badly burnt by the discharge of a cracker—a person's face up Broadway was badly burnt, by cracker firing, and the sight of his eye endangered.

Dr. Combe on Health and Mental Education.

New York. Harper & Brothers.

This is a little volume of 180 pages, published and can be read by all classes, with pleasure and profit.—We read the work before it was published, having been favoured by a friend with the Edinburgh copy, and were well acquainted from a careful examination of its contents, that it was a work, which the interests of society loudly called for, and that Dr. Combe had acquitted himself in a most masterly manner, in adapting to popular comprehension, the fundamentals, on which should regulate mental and physical education.

We hope the work will have a wide circulation, teachers, parents, and guardians will peruse it, and give it an attentive perusal, they will find that the early excesses of the brain, in the system of infant instruction which is now so exceptionable, is productive of the most lamentable consequences, and that instead of bringing into early action the nervous and cerebral organization, the muscular system should have every facility for its perfect and healthy development.

The subject of physical and mental education, is of the greatest importance to society, and should receive that earnest attention, which its paramount interests demand.

THE DYING SCENE.—A correspondent of the London True Briton relates the following anecdote as connected with the last moments of Gen. Lafayette.—An apparent amelioration had taken place in the poor invalid's sufferings a day or two before the change in the alarming symptoms returned with redoubled vigor—A devouring fever, oppression of the chest, great difficulty of breathing, with a death-like cough. At two o'clock a doctor was called to see the patient. "What are you applying there ?" inquired the patient: "not a another blister ?" "No General, a poultice." "I see here,"—(in hell.) There were in his throat the death-rattle. The death-rattle soon followed: the dying man for a few moments breathed no e freely and then serenely sunk to death, in the arms of the honorable M. Cloquet.

A few days are his death, a British gentleman visited him in his sick room. They spoke of *America*, and the veteran's eyes again lighted up with their wonted fire—alluded to France, and he mournfully shook his head "Beloved, but betrayed country," exclaimed he, "I fear thou hast yet many struggles to undergo, ere thy goal of liberty is attained."

A PUBLICOUS NEIGHBOURHOOD.—At a meeting of the Board of Commissioners of New York, 4 day or two since, Mr. Tallmadge offered some resolutions in relation to the nuisance of slaughter houses in that city. A part of the street is private property, and has become a great nuisance. He had been called to that quarter in his official capacity as one of the city, and also as a health warden, and had been at the pains to investigate the condition of the inhabitants.

One house was found inhabited by twenty-one whites, and ninety-six blacks, and in a small building in the rear by ten blacks; the rear fifteen blacks; thirty whites and sixteen blacks, the rear fifteen blacks; the rear in order was inhabited by forty-five whites and forty two blacks, and ten houses adjoining each other, he had found to be inhabited by no less than two hundred and eighty whites, and one hundred and seventy-three blacks, being in all four hundred and fifty-three, and an average of forty-five persons in each house !!

BATHING.

Bathing in all civilized nations has been regarded not only as a luxury, but looked upon as a powerful means of restoring the body when diseased; preserving health, and as highly conducive to tranquilize the mind, and produce a cheerful and pleasant state of feeling. In several nations, ablutions constituted an important part in religious duties, and the Greeks and Romans were well acquainted with the virtues of frequent bathing. The Romans, indeed at one period, became a proverb of luxury, their preparations were made by law against their excessive indulgence.

Many remains of the magnificence of the ancient baths are still to be seen, and from these may be formed some conception of the lavish expenditure bestowed on them.

In modern days, notwithstanding the general admission, that bathing is conducive to comfort and health, it is not practised to the extent it should be. It is too much neglected not only by the male, but also by the female part of the community. If bathing was more generally used and regularly adopted, as part of every day's health routine, the more general, and better preserved, the mind would obtain a finer and higher tone, and hypochondriasm, hysterics, vapours, low spirits &c. &c. would vanish before its irresistible and magic influence.

To our female readers, we would particularly address ourselves, and we are happy to inform them, that the best cosmetic in the world, is pure water. With this liquid they can purify and beautify, without needless expense, and although charming now, their enchanting and fascinating beauty, could be rendered more powerful and supreme, by a frequent and regular visit to the bath.

In relation to this matter, we are sustained by the best authorities and most unexceptionable authorities of ancient and modern times; and we hope that this demonstration of our solicitude for their health and beauty, will have its due effect.

No one can apologize for the neglect of this high duty. Water is abundant, and conveniences are at hand and ample.

Mr. Swaim of this city, has fitted up in elegant style, an establishment which would do honour to any city, and we hope that our citizens generally, will avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered, by visiting this elegant, convenient and cheap bathing house. At the season particularly, the bath should be used daily, and we will thereby say in conclusion, that Mr. Swaim will cheerfully accommodate all those ladies and gentlemen who desire to enjoy one of the greatest luxuries in nature.

SEAL ENGRAVING.

We have been favoured with some beautiful specimens of Seal Engraving on Silver and ink impressions, executed by Mr. William Wagner, Engraver, at York, Penn. Gentlemen wishing articles of the kind, may examine the specimens on calling at the office.

AWFUL DEPRAVITY.

A reward of $500—it should be $5,000—is offered in Ohio, payable by the Governor, for the arrest of Isaac Adams, charged with having fired the dwelling-house of Walter Langley, of Bristol, Morgan county. The circumstances of the case are not learn by the Zanesville Gazette, are these. Adams was married to the daughter of Mr. Langley, and he used every cruelty, and on account of this unkindness she left him and returned to her father. Unable to induce her to leave her father's house to live with him again, he threatened to poison the family with arsenic, but he found that unpracticable, and repeatedly expressed his determination, and the day before the fire, "to burn them up" with other fiendish and diabolical expressions. We are now threatened, if we do not make the *amende honorable* in this day's paper, we shall lose "at least one subscriber at Bethlehem." *O tempora! O mores!* To escape that cruel destiny, we submit—but we cannot find the "Courier," nor the article inserted in the Post, we trust the present paragraph will suffice.

At the time of the fire, Adams was at the house of count of this unkindness she left him and returned to her father. Unable to induce her to leave her father's house to live with him again, he threatened to poison the family with arsenic, but he found that unpracticable, and repeatedly expressed his determination, and the day before the fire, "to burn them up" with other fiendish and diabolical expressions. We are now threatened. By means of a ladder he deposited the fire near the roof, by which he was seen by several persons passing, which must have burned for some time undiscovered, for in less than a minute after the head had aroused his family, the fire was out of the reach of the bed, the burning mass above gave way, and covered the bed and those who lay in it with a mass of fire by it exposed. Several of the family escaped with scarcely any clothing, and one of them through the fire. The house was entirely consumed, and his comfortable residence abundantly supplied with the conveniences of life. All is now desolate and his loss amounting to six or seven hundred dollars. But fortunately the perpetrator was d supposition. Vengeance.—He did not succeed in becoming a murderer.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.

Chemistry, Meteorology and the Function of Digestion, considered with reference to natural theology—by William Prout. M. D. F. R. S.—*Philadelphia Carey, Lea & Blanchard.*

The former volumes of the "Bridgewater Treatises," have, by an intelligent and discerning public, been well received, the present will add to the interest already created, and insure excellent productions.

The subjects comprised in the work before us, are of the most interesting character, and they most immediately display the omnipotent and intelligent agency in the production of every phenomena in nature.

The analysations of cause and effect, is the peculiar feature of the learned author, and which proves able, and nobly distinguishes man from all other animals. In the examination of the various subjects embraced under the general heads of Chemistry—Meteorology and the function of Digestion—Dr. Prout has to every unprejudiced and well constituted mind shown the general adaptation of all things in nature to man's welfare; while the quantity of matches not other matters contained in the sap, increases in its progress from the roots to the higher parts of the plant. When the sap begins to rise, the leaves at the same time begin to expand. From the large expansion given by the watery portions of the sap are evaporated, and the evaporation is copious and increasing. The more extensive surface presented by the leaves, in consequence of water, and after undergoing further changes, as a part of the sap descends chiefly from matters are returned, along with the remaining water, to be deposited in the substance of the plant, or its fruits and seeds. It seems now to be generally admitted, that one part of the food of plants is the matter exhaled from the surface of the earth, and is taken up with the watery portion of the sap above mentioned. It seems also probable that it is in the leaves that this part of the food is indispensable to vegetation. "for it has been ascertained, that food plants in pots will not flourish, if the leaves be removed, as fast as they appear, though they be supplied with the usual nourishment, and all the supplies of water, and other gaseous or fluid principle, undecomposed, are taken up by the roots; but that the nutritious matters, the carbonic acid is partly taken up by the roots; but chiefly by the leaves, and although it is also separated from the air, and absorbed by the leaves, the circumstances under which this absorption, or other decomposition, of carbonic acid, by the leaves takes place, are most curious and important. They are considered to be as follows:

During the day, and particularly during sunshine, the leaves have the power of decomposing the carbonic acid from the atmosphere. The carbon of the carbonic acid is retained in the plant, and combined with the parts, while the greater part of the oxygen remains, and is diffused through the atmosphere in a pure state. During the night, on the contrary, or in the shade, plants, in general, convert a portion of the oxygen of the atmosphere into carbonic acid; but the quantity thus converted, is less than that separated during the day, and the carbonic acid which they decompose, under the influence of the solar light. At the same time with this formation of carbonic acid by plants during the night, they are said also to absorb from the atmosphere a certain portion of oxygen, to replace that which had been given off during the preceding day. Plants absorb carbon as long as they continue in the light; during the night, therefore, when the day is long and the night is short, they receive a less quantity of it than in summer. The excess of the absorption of carbon, is probably one reason why in the Polar latitudes, the progress of vegetation is so rapid, and why, during the short summer, in the course of the short summer of a few weeks but of unvarying light, plants, in those latitudes, go through all the changes which in hotter climates require months.

These phenomena of gaseous absorption and secretion in the leaves of plants, seem to be produced by a peculiar power of vitality, and during which are immediately under its external covering or cuticle. Professor Bernhardi has lately explained some phenomena, by referring them to the respiration and digestion of plants. The former of these terms, in plants, is supposed to be communal, and to be accompanied, as in animals, by the formation and emission of carbonic acid. The latter, or digestion, consists in the decomposition of carbonic acid gas, takes place only during the exposure of plants to the influence of the light and the carbon of the carbonic acid being separated from the oxygen, and absorbed. Hence a plant exposed to sunshine purifies the air, by digesting the carbonic acid, the carbon of which it appropriates; while it sets the oxygen free. In the dark, on the contrary, digestion ceases, but respiration continues; and carbonic acid gas is thus accumulated in the surrounding atmosphere.

Why is a tear shed in secret like a ship—Because it's a private-tear.

LAFAYETTE.

The committee has agreed on the following arrangements as most proper, in order to pay the honorary tribute to the memory of Lafayette, in a manner as to accord with the feelings of the city and country of Philadelphia:

ARRANGEMENTS.

1. A civic and military funeral procession on Monday, the 21st day of July, instant.
2. Prayer to be read by the Right Rev. Wm. White, Chaplain to the Congress of 1776.
3. A funeral oration to be pronounced by Peter S. Duponceau, at the Zion Church, S. E. corner of 4th and Cherry street.
4. That the Mayor General be requested to call out his division, and to order the troops under his command, as may be disposed to unite in the ceremonies of the day.
5. That the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and Select and Common Councils of the City.
6. That Committees of the District of the Northern Liberties,
7. The Commissioners of the District of Southwark;
8. The Commissioners of the District of Spring Garden,
9. The Commissioners of the District of Kensington,
10. The Commissioners of the Township of Moyamensing,

be invited.

That the reverend the Clergy of the city and county, The rue shera of the Society of Cincinnati, and the volunteers of 1776,

The Officers of the Army and Navy of the United States,

The Foreign Ministers and Consuls,

The Judges of the United States Courts,

The Trustees and Officers of the University of Pennsylvania and of the Jefferson College,

The Philosophical Society of the University, of which the deceased was a member,

Members of Congress and of the State Legislature,

The different companies of Firemen, and the several societies of the city and county,

Young men of the city and county,

And our fellow citizens generally, be invited to join in the ceremonies and procession.

That George W. Riter be Chief Marshal, who shall have power to appoint such assistant marshals as he may deem necessary.

That the badge of mourning recommended by Congress, be worn by all who may join in the procession.

That several companies of firemen, societies and associations are request ed as soon as possible to report to the chief marshal their determination to join the procession.

That order of procession to be published.

10. That George M. Dallas, Mathew Carey, John M. Scott, Thomas D. Groves and F. Vanuxem, be committee of arrangements.

11. That Wm Wawle, jr. Henry Horn, N. C. F ster, Isaac W. Norris and John Moss, be a committee of finances.

On the night of the 31 of July, during a severe storm, some adventurous individual assailed the new figure-head of the Frigate Constitution, in the harbour of Charleston, Mass. as she lay at anchor. We select one from the "Transcript," as a specimen:

THE FIGURE HEAD COMPLETED.

We congratulate Commodore Elliot on the completion of his figure head. We think we can hear amidst the peans of applause which rend the skies, the not attuned and flattering voice of Immortality. "Elliott Ohio, powerful, powerful!" in chaunted accompaniment with "Chastity and Washington." The work is accomplished that "does not lost its head, and all Rome rejoices The "Glory" of yesterday has been surpassed to-day. "Fame's eternal trump is diminished *head*" from the impatient gaze of admiring multitudes.

We forbear necessity, but our conscience will not permit us to be silent, that compels us to announce that the "Glory" of yesterday is not to be compared with the Graven Image which Jesse the Commodore set up in the land of Ohio, behind the city which was also by *decapitation*. Some dare devil fellow, who richly merits the punishment of a monument and an epitaph, has this night ascended the Constitution. At fifty minutes of the storm last night and *sawed his head off!!!* He went laughing to expose our inhumanity to the detestable and savage act—an act worthy of a Mohawk or a Black Hawk.—*Boston Trans.*

NEW YORK POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

Reported for the Courier and Enquirer.

Bad Acting—Farren, stage manager, and Anderson, prompter of the Bowery Theatre, came upon a warrant granted on the testimony of Abraham Cozine, who charged them with having violently assaulted and beaten him on the evening of the 4th inst. at the theatre. Mr. Cozine deposed on oath that while engaged in conversation at the door of the theatre, he was seen remarked that the Yankees were a set of dastardly jacknaves, that with all their cunning they could not equal the English, and that while he had the power to gull them he would do so. In reply to this Mr. Cozine observed that he was a native of the Yankee why d, may amongst them and eat their bread where upon Mr. Farren came behind him and struck him several violent blows, in which he was joined by Mr. Anderson. The parties were bound over to answer the charge at the sessions, and found bail for their appearance. Mr Farren attempted to establish a counter charge against Mr. Cozine, but which, on hearing it, the magistrate refused to entertain.

NEW YORK, JULY 10th

BOWERY THEATRE.—It was anticipated in the early part of yesterday, that there would be a full house evening at this theatre, in consequence of some expressions alleged to have been used on which signalled the Stage Manager, Mr. Farran had made use of. With the return of the performers are not disappointed. On the one side allegation, on the other denial. Last evening was Mr. Farren's benefit. There was a good house, and the performance was

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

PUFFING, A FABLE.

A hunting hen did once acquire
For boasting, curtsies, the sonorous cries
Of all the feathered unions.

To them she thrill'd out stories,
And then what exclusions!
She'd cackle like a hoarse a fire,
And roar like a distracted cow.

Her jubilous sisters tried to mock,
Some thought she was ill-bred;
The patriarchal turkey-cock,
Was seen to shake his head.
And some, in view of all the breed,
He spake to her and said:

"Madam, what good you get by noise
That bird me to see.
Your remount cackling annoys
My unreverential ear.
Why need you publish all your joys'
Lay eggs, and let them be."

She, meaner, bore nothing with one leg,
And gravedally upthrew it;
And roused upon a single peg,
Cried "Sir you can't know it;
'Tis the fashion now to lay an egg,
An action is genteeler it!

An ingenuous young gentleman said to a prude, "I want, my dear, and agreeable dominie last night." "I beg, sir," replied the offended lady, "I may have no more of your unlicensed effusions."

A gentleman proposing one evening at an inn, at the end of England, said to the usual servant who waited on him, and who seemed newly entertained with the whole company, "Pray, sir, what is your name?" "John, sir." "Then you enjoy your bed when you get into it, John?" "Yes, sir, the night, for as soon as I lay down to night, I am into asleep, and as soon as I wake in the morning, I am obliged to get up; so that I have no enjoyment in my bed at all."

Dartut.—When Sir John Malcom returned from Persia, he met, at a levee, Madame de Staal, who began questioning him about John, you must know that all about Persia, and he began at the top of all, what "Madam," replied John, "I neither know nor understand, or can tell you the history." "Ah, what is the matter," exclaimed Madame. "He has, indeed, two hundred wives."

The decision of a Dutch Judge in some one of the villages along the Hudson, in a case before him, in which the right of succession was brought in question, I was signed, for the party whose right was questioned, that the party in question could hold a right to the property by his opinion. To this the Judge, who it seems, was determined to get rid of the case, replied, "Well, den, you can have it, and I hope you may get much good by it, for I have no opinion in my head at all."

An Irishman on being asked whether he came to England not? said—Is it what I came here for, you mane? Arrah the greed of gain brought me here to earn for meself, for I had plenty of that at home.

Scarcity of Wits.—I used that to South Wales an old triad of a much truer account than a black pudding. I remember that the first congress from that country remove offers of marriage through speaking pantomime. I am sorry to say that the triad, however, it requires something louder than speaking trumpets to make them keep those distances." *London paper.*

Language Mathematic.—I came into the world, says Mr. Mathews on his arrival, "At Home," laughing. My daughter when she first saw me cried, the doctor laughed, the nurse blessed the external appearance of the whole door, and the cat jumped out of sight; every body laughed at my birth; every body laughed as we grew up. I was a boy, every body laughed at my tricks; every body laughed at my jokes, and I laugh at everybody. If you have me therefore, laugh at me, that is my great pecuniary object." *Mathematical Magazine.*

Johnson.—A lady once married Dr. Johnson on the degree of impudence to be attached to her uncle's relations, "Madam," said Johnson, "I will do you the favour to the weight of the law. I remember my uncle Andrew, Dicky Gossick, who was always a little fellow, established a claim to my respect accordingly, but the very first time I entered up an apple tree, for I was a mere boy then, he broke my head with a cane, and it was called a judgment. I suppose that's why Jemmy is so fond of climbing trees."

In Norway, the convicted prisoners about to leave a prison, on receiving the wages, from cook to maid, have said, "Thank you to be my master, your judge a good jailer.

Our assessors laid a grave proposal against marrying in the month of May, which, however well calculated to prevent the increase of population, is unnecessary. It was a custom with them that none but bad women was tried in that month, and it would be a pity to spoil the custom. The Queen of Scots with Bothwell, that they were accustomed to wed in the month of August.

There are 41 letters in the Roman language, and not less than 214 in the Greek. The Turkish has only 20, and the Latin and Hebrew 22. That of Numbers has the Greek and the Persian 32.

Intelligent Judge.—Sir Archie Dicks Arcons, the Fete Jurors were disbursing over their verdict on a case of assault and battery, when the foreman of the jury, Thomas Ash knew it, and Charles Wootton, who had been the plaintiff, and Mr. Ash, the defendant, together, whether the prisoners were guilty or not guilty, the foreman replied, "We find the woman not guilty, and the man guilty." "Then," said the judge, "I am sorry, because there is no evidence, except to convict the man, and the woman is discharged." The prisoner was entered for the whole of the prisoners.

Name's Sweetness.—Lord Hook was distinguished through life, by the sweetness of his temper, and the amiable manner in his acquaintance adherence to truth. He once exclaimed the rule of his conduct, which ought to be engraved on the heart of every child, "not to be deeply engaged in every heart. He said. "It was the custom of my father, and I have found it a rule, I always to declare my conscience told me to be a fact, and to speak it with my own mouth, and to write it with my own memory, and I trust the presence of this innocent custom to the grave. I have lived to fifteen years, and I can declare that in my whole life I never told a lie, because I never had occasion to do so. I have found it has been even a subject of advice. I have found it on the other hand, that it is the way to wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

Mode of Trade Among Indians.—Magistrate Hocker, struck you, gentle of business would, while there was no money in circulation, be carried on? Why, sir, it was a marketing like a universal. Are you going to market? Yes, sir, I am going to market. Are you going to the Mansion? No, sir, I am not, and I'll have you will not be home. Agreeable. Try and not my master's Magistrate. Do you go to the Mansion? No, sir, I am going to go to my neighbour's. Office of the Court. You must